

# Homing for Marlene

The spermatozoön  
Had little to go on,  
Tunneling into the mist,  
But a faraway flavor  
To seek and to savor  
Of spices contrived for the tryst.  
Her chemical gradient,  
Welcoming, radiant,  
Summoned him to her embrace,  
Just as something between us,  
Some beacon of Venus,  
Has beckoned me here to this place  
Where you open for me,  
Receive me, adore me!  
How hither came I, who can tell?  
Like each nano-ancestor  
Who finding her blessed her,  
I've followed so blindly  
So well.

THEODOR HOLM NELSON

*Ted Nelson is an idealistic troublemaker who coined the word "hypertext" in the sixties, and continues to fight for a completely different computer world.*

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